

FIRST WOMAN IN AMERICA TO SPEED WITH FOURNIER IN HIS GRAY TERROR.

Evening World Reporter Tells of Her Thrilling Experience on the Marvellous Auto in a Mile-a-Minute Dash from Long Island City to Garden City.

The first woman in America to go flying over American roads, seated beside M. Fournier, the famous French chauffeur, on his record-breaking automobile, the Excalibur, is a reporter for the Evening World.

She gives a vivid description of her thrilling experience on the snorting gray terror as it whizzed and rumbled and roared with lightning speed for eighteen miles over country roads and fields from Long Island City to Garden City, covering the distance in a few seconds less than nineteen minutes.

Just think of it! A mile a minute on an automobile!

BY ZONA GALE.

"You Americans!" said M. Henri Fournier, opposite the court-house in Long Island City—"You collect a crowd more quickly!" he continued, as the crowd about ten miles behind—"than any people in the world." He finished, pleasantly, as we streaked through the quiet streets of Garden City.

He had found just time to speak the fourteen words in a conversational tone while we were covering the eighteen miles between the two towns.

Excalibur, his great gray racing automobile from Paris, was the reason.

Anyway, if that is not quite true, it is true that yesterday we did the distance from Long Island City to Garden City in a few seconds less than nineteen minutes.

M. Henri Fournier, late of Paris, now of New York, looked intensely askance when I asked him to take me in Excalibur—polite, but askance.

"If it is that you really wish it," he bowed, obviously mulling his own ideas on the matter.

It was that I really wished it, and M. Fournier made the appointment for yesterday. And yesterday I found myself outside the little stable in Long Island City, where the automobile slept at ease, within easy distance of the magnificent stretch of road that leads, a level ribbon of gray, straight into Garden City.

I said the automobile was in the stable. I should have said the dragon was in the cave. For, while I waited outside the stable of black, which was the door, there issued suddenly a noise like all the snortings and beatings of all the hippodromes, and the children came running from blocks around and lined up twelve deep.

"Glt a host!" They cried.

"Glt a host! Glt a host!" they cried, but the cry was uncertain and the spirit of the crowd was evidently much more on the side of the lad, who added:

"Go ye into, buy one of them!"

And at that, with a sound of scaly dragons in cold caves, and a swirl of steam that alone prevented our seeing the red eyes of the beast that were surely there, out lumbered Excalibur.

Excalibur looked eight feet long, with the seat rather high at the back, from which M. Fournier was guiding the machine.

Great shields of accordion-plated aluminum covered the motor, all of which lies to the rear. A thousand bars and plates and twigs and twigs and alien appliances carried around the motor like some of the Vandyke and the big wheels were like the great feet of an animal.

If only Excalibur had been lashing a curly tail! Excalibur might as well have been.

The motor power is so tremendous that when the automobile stands still it throbs and shivers throughout its whole length, so that the motion is not only visible but terrifying. And the noise keeps up, and the steam comes out, and it is like a living thing.

"Will you sit on this poor seat?" said M. Fournier.

When I made the slightest motion with my hand so slight that nobody but a dragon would have minded it—and responsive as M. Fournier's hand to his brain, so sensitive to his touch was the tiny lever he pressed.

We were off like all the kinds of wind there are.

Ever Hired on a Couchette?

If you have ever been casually sitting on the couchette of an express when it chanced to start, and if you have clung to it for dear life down miles of shifting track, you are a little ready to know how Excalibur goes. Otherwise your ideas are in the go-cart stage.

And yet, even when you were on the express couchette, there were shining tracks and the open air and the regular. There was an excuse for speed. It was so to speak, licensed and looked like it. But here, with this "Excalibur" machine flashing right through the red woods and the golden red of the hedges, with only a few feet under its pudgy wheels, and no apparent right to go faster than the fastest cars that hung by one palpitating wheel from the ditch edge to keep out of our way.

The darling of it! The sweep and rush of the wind, the awful force of that something under the aluminum plate that raked and pounded and thundered on our way! And always and always that pale flood of yellow, the country, brown ground and gray meadow and went swirling and swimming by, dim and dreamlike.

"Madame, he is not afraid!" suggested M. Fournier. He himself was as much afraid as if Excalibur had been a red plush opera box.

My own poor words of reply are best omitted, but M. Fournier's finger and a fraction of a centimeter and the fence-posts emerged and a tree or two showed up.

"We are as safe here as in a rocking-chair," observed Excalibur's complete master. "We have to go on 'four kinds of brakes'."

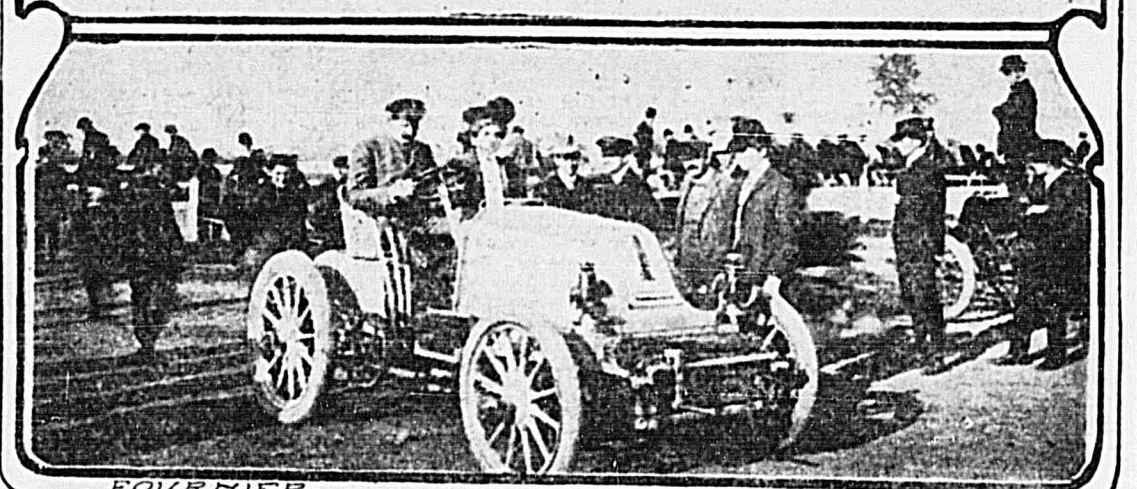
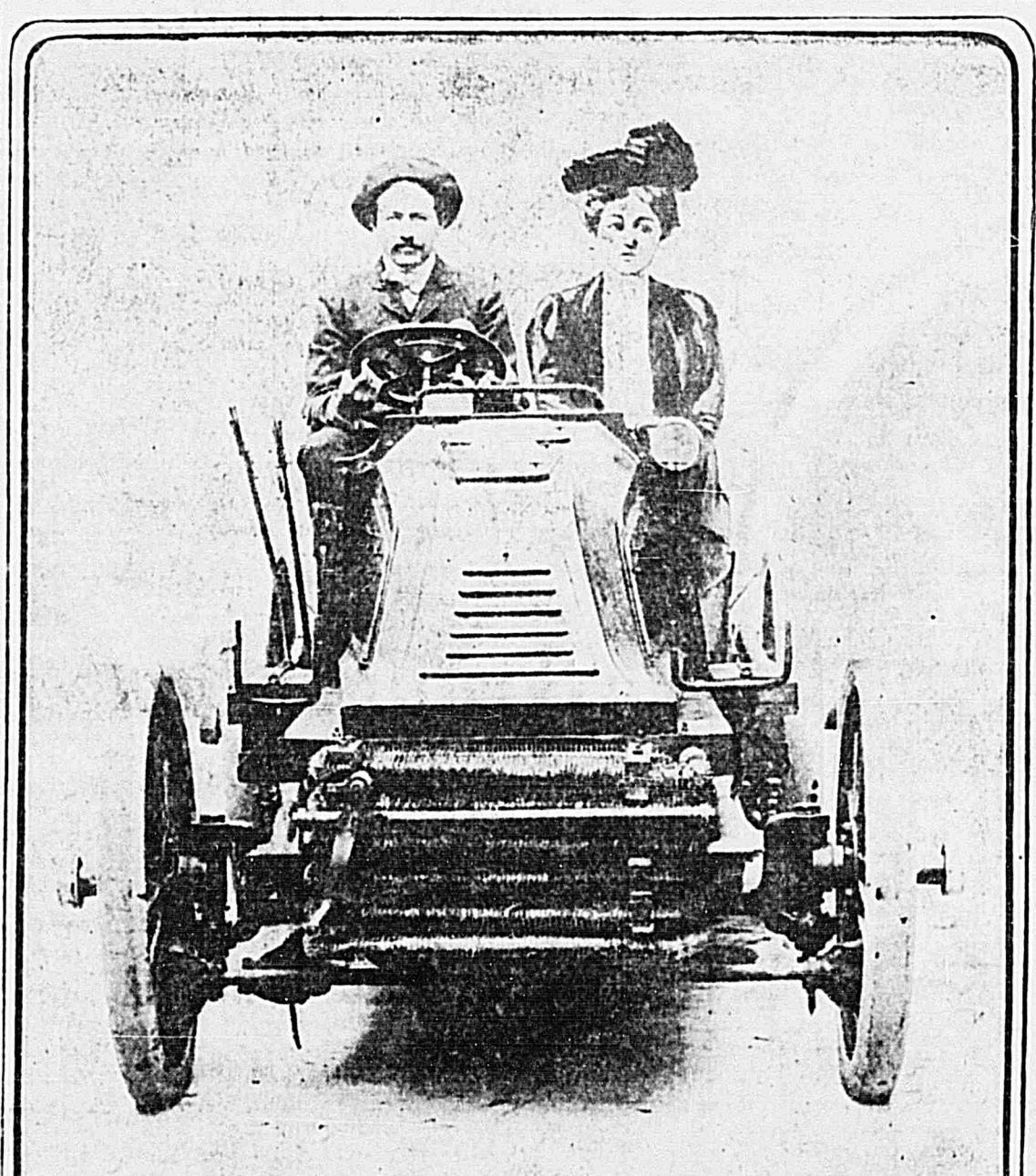
By that we were going only a mild forty-five miles an hour, and there was leisure for words. Such a pace, although it sent the chickens squawking across the road and made the country cars' teeth chatter, was gentle and unexciting.

M. Fournier showed how Excalibur's wheels go round.

How He Guides the Terror.

His left hand rested on a small wheel before him, and this steers the machine. As he steers the thumb of the right hand falls upon a little button which lights the electric spark which starts the motor. When his thumb is raised the spark is extinguished.

In the centre of the wheel sweeps a semi-circular band, with teeth on the edge, and a wooden indicator, swung to



fallen on a keyboard, he made an imperceptible motion, and we were past the machine's brought to a standstill.

His right hand, having adjusted the wooden button, falls upon a double lever thrust through the floor of the car, and this brake is as sensitive as the others. And just like the street piano waltz operator is an entire orchestra, so M. Fournier completes his rule of the machine by a brake in the floor, and upon this brake his left foot rests.

With all these appliances available in less than a second, it is not marvellous that the auto can stop so abruptly that the contents of anything but the auto would be pitched frequently over the operator is an entire orchestra, so M. Fournier completes his rule of the machine by a brake in the floor, and upon this brake his left foot rests.

While he explained Excalibur protested at the danger of delay by shuddering all down his length, and producing a noise like a train of cars in one's pocket. Either the machine must go or else it must take it out in loud sounds.

"Volla!" said M. Fournier.

Once more, delicately, as if his hands

BADLY HURT BY BURSTING AUTO.

TRAUBE'S MACHINE BLEW UP, HURLING HIM INTO AIR.

Found Unconscious on the Roadside on Fairview Hill, Hudson Co., N. J.

Ludwig Traube, of No. 59 East Nineteenth street, narrowly escaped death in an automobile accident on Fairview hill, one of the steepest grades in Hudson County, N. J., early this morning.

His machine blew up and hurled him through the air to the side of the road, where he lay unconscious for an hour before he was discovered.

Mr. Traube started out late last night for a spin on the Jersey roads. The machine got beyond his control on Fairview hill, and after descending about half way swerved and ran against a bank.

At the same moment the gasoline tank exploded, wrecking the automobile and projecting Mr. Traube into space. When found he was half covered with fragments of the exploded machine.

Mr. Traube sustained injuries consisting of a broken right arm, a dislocated shoulder, three scalp wounds, internal injuries and innumerable bruises.

He was brought to his home in this city in an ambulance, drawn by a horse.

ROOSEVELT IN COWBOY ROLE.

WOODEN NUMEG DEACON SAYS PRESIDENT DROVE CATTLE.

Did Astonishing Things According to the Voracious Chronicle, but Refused to Take Credit.

A despatch from Farmington, Conn., announced that the prediction of President Roosevelt for punching cows leaped into action at that place yesterday. The story, coming from Connecticut, must be taken with reservation.

It is alleged that Deacon Parker, of Farmington, was making vain endeavors to drive a herd of cattle from a field when President Roosevelt came along. Seeing the unavailing efforts of the good deacon, the President leaped the fence, and with a good Western "whoop" charged upon the astonished knoe. He taught them things never known before, and the next the deacon knew the cows had been driven to where he wanted them.

"Much obliged, stranger," the deacon is reported as saying. "Won't ye stop in an' have a spin o' cider?"

The voracious chronicleer, who the President refused the offer and not until two hours later did Deacon Parker know that the voracious cow-tender was the President of the United States.

LEAKING AUTO TANK CAUSES FIERCE BLAZE.

A leaking automobile tank caught fire this afternoon in Herman Schultz's auto stable, No. 242 Broadway. The gasoline blazed up fiercely and did \$500 damage.



FATHER DEAD; MOTHER MAD

Children of Deelan O'Brien Left Homeless by Series of Misfortunes.

Troubles have rapidly multiplied in the home of Deelan O'Brien of Long Island City. A few weeks ago O'Brien was living happily with his wife and five children in a comfortable home at No. 117 Eighth street. To-day O'Brien is dead, his wife is in an insane asylum, his oldest child is in a hospital suffering from a fractured thigh, and the four other children are being cared for by the Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

O'Brien, who was forty years old, was killed by a drill engine at the West avenue crossing of the Long Island Railroad at 5 o'clock Monday morning.

On Sept. 29 Helen O'Brien, fifteen years of age, the oldest of the children, fell on the sidewalk in front of her home and her thigh was fractured.

John A. Sauer, an agent of the Brooklyn Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, learned that the girl's thigh had not been properly set and he called at the house with the intention of taking her to the hospital. Her mother, who, it is said, had been acting peculiarly of late, refused to allow the child to be moved. Last Sunday it is said, Mrs. O'Brien became violent and turned her husband out of the house.

Yesterday Agent Sauer went again to the house, accompanied by two policemen. They found the doors barred with furniture and had to force their way in. Despite the angry protests of the mother the girl was taken out of the house and conveyed to St. John's Hospital.

The doctors there say her limb will have to be broken again and reset. After taking the girl to the hospital the mother was taken to the Flatbush Hospital for the insane. The four other children, Matthew, aged thirteen years; John, eleven; Cornelius, eight; and James, six, were taken by Sauer to the rooms of the Brooklyn Society.

The funeral of O'Brien took place today from Trauden's undertaking establishment.

SUICIDE IN MURRAY HILL.

Prosperous Dealer in Paints and Oils Found Dead in Hotel.

In a room on the fourth floor of the Murray Hill Hotel at noon today a chambermaid found the body of Philip Abraham, a well-to-do dealer in paints and oils, at No. 413 Sixth avenue.

The gas jets in the room were turned on full and an emptied bottle of carbonic acid on the counterpane told of the thoroughness with which he had gone about the work of suicide.

"Philip Abraham" was the name on the man's visiting card, left conspicuously on the dresser. His good watch and gold chain and such other articles as he owned were found on the bed.

Nothing was known of the man about the hotel. At 11 o'clock last night, he was assigned to a room. He was extremely well dressed, appeared about middle aged and had such an air of prosperity that the clerk did not ask him to pay, though he was without luggage.

Abraham was undressed and lay under the bed covers as if asleep, but his body was face downward, and the expression of the features told of the agony he had endured after drinking the acid.

A permit was issued and the body was removed to an undertaking establishment at No. 109 Eighth avenue.

At the Sixth avenue store it was said that Abraham had been sick lately and had become despondent. Recently he had been heard to say that he would soon die and it all.

He was unmarried and resided at No. 12 West Eighth street. He was in business with his brother, the firm name being Abraham Brothers.

Abraham, it was learned, had been ill for several years. Yesterday he went to work as usual, but died for the first time that he had Bright's disease and might die at any moment. It made him despondent.

PRESIDENT POLK'S NIECE SAYS: "PE-RU-NA IS WOMAN'S FRIEND."



Mrs. Minnie Lee Collins, of Tennessee. Mrs. Minnie Lee Collins, of Tennessee, writes from 312 High Street, Nashville, Tenn.

"For several years I experienced a severe attack of female trouble. The best physicians prescribed for me, but without avail. Two years ago I began to take Peruna at the advice of a friend. I noticed a perceptible improvement at once; after taking several bottles I was cured. I hold Peruna in high esteem and am always ready to say a good word for it."—MINNIE LEE COLLINS.

Mrs. L. A. Brily, Michelsville, Tenn., recommends it to all as the best medicine in the world, knowing, as I do, the great and wonderful benefit that it did me. My friends speak of how well I am looking. A thousand thanks to Dr. Hartman.

GONE WITH COSTLY GEMS

A. D. T. Lad Runs Off with \$3,000 Jewelry Packet.

George R. Nasau, an A. D. T. messenger, whose home was at the Columbia Hotel, No. 808 Eighth avenue, has disappeared, and with him \$3,000 worth of jewelry, the property of Edward C. Brower, of No. 8 Day street.

Nasau was employed in the branch messenger office at Broadway and Thirtieth street. Saturday he was sent to Kirkpatrick's jewelry store, at Fifth avenue and thirty-second street, to deliver a package. He was given the package containing Mr. Brower's jewelry and started off with it, but never came back. When Mr. Brower complained of the non-arrival of his order, the police were notified.

Several of Capt. Titus's men are working on the case, but to trace of the man has been found. The missing package of jewelry contained a lady's gold watch, inlaid with diamonds, a diamond ring, a bracelet set with emeralds, pearls and diamonds, and a costly ruby scarf pin.

Mr. Kirkpatrick knew nothing of the boy's disappearance until Monday, when the messenger company sent around for his receipt slip.

H. C. F. KOCH & Co.

125th Street West, bet. Leaox and Seventh aves.

On Thursday, FELT CAMEL'S-HAIR HATS—broad, stitched brims—trimmed with corded felt bands—finished with bow and pompons—selling elsewhere for \$1.98, 98c.

J. KURTZ & SONS

169, 171, 173 and 175 Smith Street, 872, 84, 86 and 88 Wyckoff Street, 773, 775 Broadway, cor. Sumner Ave. BROOKLYN.

Some of the "Good Ones" (and we have many more as good and better) are the few "specials" mentioned below that have won for us the enviable record of giving the public "the best value for the least money" in desirable Furniture, Carpets, Bedding and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing.

Complete Bed Outfit.

A high fancy scroll-top BED, extended foot rails, brass trimmed throughout, heavy filling, including also good heavy soft-top MATTRESS, double woven wire SPRING; the whole set complete being fully worth the usual price of \$12.50; our Rebuilding sale price, 6.98.

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES.

Twenty-five years' actual experience to prove these stoves to be fine cookers and bakers, extra quality grades, from 5.75

PARLOR STOVES AND HEATERS.

Good, reliable, and efficient stoves and heaters, worth \$15.00 to \$60.00, as low as 2.90

Sideboards, the \$15.00 and \$20.00 kinds, now 9.00

5-Piece Parlor Suites, now 12.98

OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH US FOR 75c. Per Week.

Our Clothing Department,

Comprising as it does this Fall season's latest and most up-to-date garments, is well worth your inspection. A very small weekly saving will be for yourself and your family all that is best, the most stylish and the most durable in the way of clothing needs "on credit" at prices that rival the lowest charged by most "cash" stores.

MEN'S SUITS.

Single and double-breasted Suits, in the latest and in the most popular colors, made to order, from 7.89

LADIES' SUITS.

In our assortment, comprising all the latest and most popular creations as to fabrics and fashions, from 9.49

MEN'S OVERCOATS.

Mellons, Keweenaw and Oxford in the prevailing length, an endless variety to suit the most fastidious, from 6.98

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT AT SMITH STREET STORE ONLY.

REGAL SHOES \$3.50

REGAL SHOES ARE MADE RIGHT.

That's why they wear right, fit right, give complete satisfaction.

King Calf, the best leather that's made for uppers—Live Oak, the best sole leather that money can buy—these you can get only in Regal Shoes.

The best materials put together by the best workmanship, under the best shoe-manufacturing system yet devised, enable us to sell you the best shoe on earth at the low price of \$3.50.

You can pay more, but you cannot get more, than when you buy Regals at \$3.50, sold direct from tannery to consumer—no unnecessary profits make the price six to eight dollars instead of the Regal \$3.50.

The Regal will outwear any other shoe, irrespective of name or price. All sizes—all widths—you are sure of a perfect fit.

The Regal is the only shoe sold at \$3.50 direct from Tannery to Consumer in its own stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Regal Dressing gives the most lustrous and lasting polish, makes the shoes soft and easy, and preserves the leather indefinitely.

All stores open evenings except 115 Nassau St. and 391 Broadway.

HAVE YOU ANY BUSINESS property to let? Sunday World Wants find tenants quickly.